

Herald's Special
Fight Service

HERALD SPORTING PAGE

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and many other feature writersDEMPSEY KAYOES A PAL TO WIN
TOWN TITLE

DEMPSEY ONCE BALLYHOODED A DANCE THAT FOLLOWED ONE OF HIS BATTLES. WHEN HE TRAVELED IT WAS EITHER IN, OR UNDERNEATH A FREIGHT CAR.

BY HAL COCHRAN
CHAPTER II

FREDDIE WOODS was willing to admit that he could lick anybody in Montrose, Col., with the possibility of Jack Dempsey. And he made this one exception because he had never mixed punches with Jack. They had been good pals.

When Jack landed back in Montrose, Freddie was the first fellow he looked up.

"Half the folks in this town think you can lick me," Jack told him, "and the rest of them think I can lick you. Let's stage a go and settle it. A lot of folks will pay money to see us scrap."

Woods agreed and Dempsey rented Moose Hall. He put out handbills, did some ballyhooing, and advertised a dance to follow the fight.

Jack Scores a K. O.

When the people of the town started drifting in, Jack was at the door selling tickets. After customers ceased to come he went up stairs and dooned a pair of trunks. Then the battle was on.

It only took Jack four rounds to knock Woods cold.

"He slapped me pretty hard," as Jack now recalls it, "but I slapped him a bit harder. Woods knew a lot about boxing and all I could do was slam. One of those slams went home—and the dance was on!"

Dempsey helped stage the dance and afterwards paid Woods \$15 as his share. Jack had other expenses to meet and when he got through settling up, found that he had broken about even.

Set Out for Reputation

The bout, however, gave Jack a lot of confidence, and realizing that he was shy on a real reputation as a boxer, he set out to gather one. Smaller fights turned up around Colorado and Utah and Jack went from place to place, either in, on, or underneath a freight car.

He was ready to battle whenever there was a little piece of change in it. He seldom argued over what he was to be paid, however, and seemed to love, mainly, the idea of stepping into anything that looked like a ring. In a great many of his early fights he gave away much weight to his opponents.

Every now and then Jack would bum a freight ride back home to see the folks. His vacation from fighting was when he turned to picking peaches. Many folks in Montrose still remember him as the youngster who used to pitch their hay, do odd carpenter jobs around the house and swing a scythe when reaping season was on.

Dempsey's next fight came with Andy Malloy, a Montrose youth who had battled with Bernard Dempsey and had taken an interest in Jack. He offered to mix mitts with Jack and once more Moose Hall was rented.

Malloy was well-known and proved a drawing card. The place was jammed. Dempsey climbed higher in the town's esteem when he laid Malloy low in three rounds.

Malloy was paid \$100, on the strength of his reputation and his drawing power. Jack once more settled other expenses and found himself where he had started, financially.

This bout, however, paved the way to more and better paying battles.

(In the next story Dempsey knocks two brothers out and gets \$1.25 per K. O.)

The Fighting Guy
Berton Braley

"PLEASE say I'm only a fightin' guy," Jack Dempsey said, in an interview; A fact which nobody can deny. So far as the ring's concerned, it's true. The boy is there with an awful punch. With speed and science, and that's no lie. He spilled a mouthful, beyond a doubt, "I guess I'm only a fightin' guy!"

WELL, Jack is surely a first-class pug. He spilled a mouthful, beyond a doubt. For when it comes to the game of slug. His nerve is great and his heart is stout; He'll fight like mad for the winner's share. With a nasty gleam in his wary eye; Oh, he's a tiger, a wolf, a bear, A hard-boiled scrapper, "a fightin' guy."

BUT, wait a minute before you bet Your last lone cent on the husky Jack, Carpenter is no "Mama's pet." They say he's there with a mean attack; It looks to me like a first-class fight. And this, I think, is the reason why: Young Jack is a "fightin' guy" all right, But Georges, too, is a "fightin' guy!"



Club Standing

	W.	L.	P.
Jewels	2	0	1,000
Plumbob	1	1	.500
Bwauna	0	0	.000
Copeo	0	0	.000

LEAGUE WILL
FIX SCHEDULE

Tomorrow evening in the offices of the Oregon Power company at 7:30 o'clock, the manager of the ball teams in the city league will meet and arrange the schedule for the remainder of the season.

Baseball has taken quite a hold on the local fans and the managers of the teams feel that for the sake of good sport and to create interest in the game that the best playing that any of the members can do will not be unappreciated by Klamath Falls fandom.

Preliminary and unofficial announcement is made that Sunday will be "double-header" day and that two good seven-inning games will be played.

Fan Gossip

The "Barber Shop Chord" has been merrily played in all the local tonsorial parlors about the question of allowing Ramsby to go into the games with a horseshoe in his pocket. Sunday he rubbed his hand over the iron, reached in the air and hauled down a "Texas Leaguer". The chance to make a tripple play was forgotten—Ramsby reached in his pocket to see if Old Luck was there.

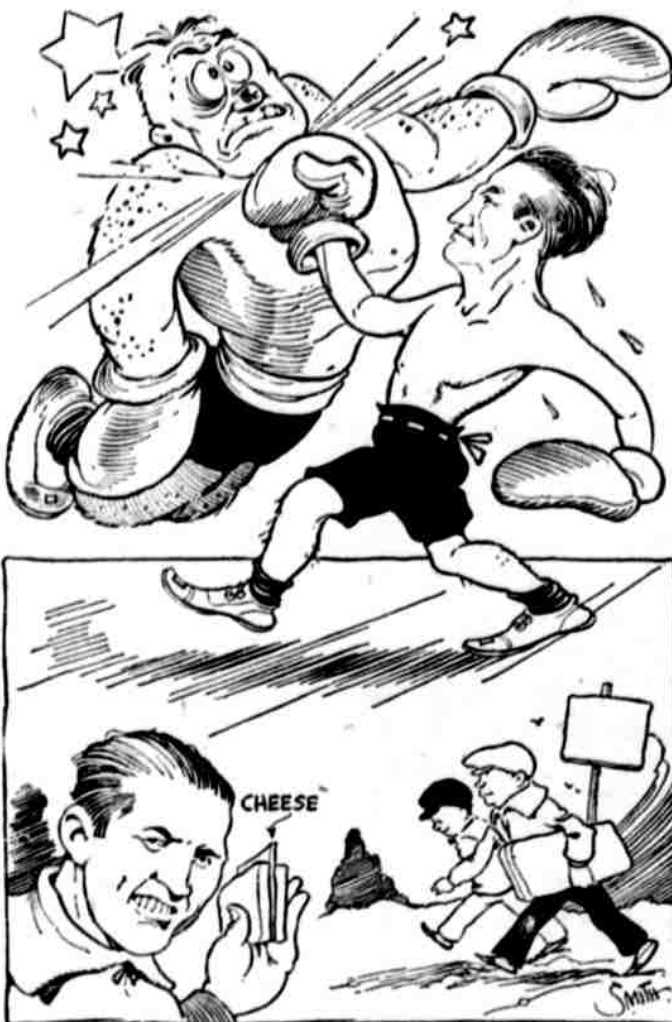
Pa Crawford pulled a long one on the boys Sunday when he picked out a peach and slammed it for his customary three bagger. The ball sailed out towards the fence, then came down gracefully and rested itself on the top of the fence. For a few seconds it hung there—and that time Pa was racing for third base.

How those fans did look to see Sparks Sunday play his usual good game. Remember that it was "good." Taking two lonely chances, he muffed both and failed to redeem himself at bat. He made nine ineffectual swats in the air—and found only ether, no horse hide. What is he going to do Sunday?

What a joy it is to see 'andsome Callaghan strut out there on the field and swell out his chest. Just like a pouter pigeon—and then the crowd got him. But that was music to his ears. His ears are deaf to that ragging "Blackie" McDonald says, but give it to him Sunday.

A LITTLE BROTHER ELK

The entire Elk herd is loving and kicking up its collective heels in high glee, because of the addition of a little elklet. The new arrival is stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Glen Jester, and the paternal relative says his name is "Bob."

CARP FIGHTS LONGEST FIGHT AT
AGE OF 14

IN THE EARLY DAYS CARPENTIER KNOCKED OFF MANY MUCH HEAVIER FIGHTERS, BOUGHT CRACKERS AND CHEESE WITH THE PROCEEDS OF ONE BOUT, AND DID A LOT OF HIKING.

BY HAL COCHRAN
CHAPTER II

In the first year of fighting, Georges Carpentier had occasion for very little test of endurance. He had developed a flashy, dancing style of battling, and seldom found it necessary to stay in the ring longer than four rounds. His nasty right mitt usually found an opening early in the bout.

Early in 1908, after scoring his first real knockout, against Moinereau, a countryman, in three rounds, he was matched to meet a jockey by the name of Salmon.

This fighter had earned a reputation through cleaning up on all of the flyweight scrappers in the territory. Carpentier was several years younger than Salmon and many pounds lighter. Fight fans were amused at such a match. "What

chance did the little slender fellow have?"

At any rate the bout was staged—scheduled as a 20-round affair. It took Carpentier through his longest fight, thus far, and cleared up all suspicion that he would run out of wind, in a long contest, because of his peppiness from the first bell.

Georges stuck it out for 18 rounds and quit then, only after his backers had tossed a towel in the ring. Salmon had knocked him down many times and had all the best of the argument.

This bout, incidentally, was the second with Salmon. Carpentier had won the first on a foul, but was not satisfied with that sort of a win. He himself insisted on the second scrap.

In spite of defeat, in the 18-round go, there was a bright side for Car-

pentier and Descamps. Georges drew down about \$8 for his share of the proceeds and this came in handy for crackers and cheese. Little money rattled in their jeans in those days. They were going from camp to camp on foot, picking up grub change as they went along.

In the closing days of that year Carpentier won a six-round battle with Lepine, a much-touted boxer, and fought 6 and 20-round draws with Legrand, another fighter who stood high in flistic circles.

He had now passed the 15-year mark and remarkable development had taken place. His weight held him in the flyweight class, however.

Early in 1909 Georges turned the tables on his previous two-time opponent, getting a decision over Salmon in 10 rounds. Shortly after this he was matched with Gloria, the demon of the day in France. For five rounds Carpentier looked a winner, then a sudden blow was slipped over and Georges went down and out. It was the first time he had taken the count.

String of Knockouts

In the following days Carpentier knocked out Lampin, in 8 rounds; Wetnick in 1 round; Dorgeville, in 11; and Lampin, in 7. And he won from Legrand in 15; Achalmie, in 10; Cheveau, in 6; Reilinger, in 6; Dorgeville, in 10; Ledoux, in 15, and Gaillard, in 6.

He then grew into the bantam-weight class, towards the close of 1909, and fought a 20-round draw with Paul Til. Til had beaten Gloria, who knocked Georges out and, anxious to down Til, Carpentier was matched with him again.

(The next story carries Carpentier through many victories in the featherweight and lightweight divisions.)

Eddie Murphy Will
Seek Chance For
Fight In Frisco

Local sporting men learned today that Klamath Falls is to lose its bantam weight boxer, Eddie Murphy, who leaves Saturday morning for San Francisco and Santa Cruz. Murphy intends to visit with his parents in Santa Cruz, and while in Frisco, will pry into the boxing game.

Murphy is the snappy little chap who fought six rounds with Lyons for a decision at the Houston Opera house under the Frank Smith regime. When Smith met him the next day he said: "Sorry, kid, but I cannot give you any money for your share as I am broke." And Murphy let him get away with it.

With acknowledgments to K. C. B.

Bill got the point
too quickly

BILL PROBABLY read up. IN THE kid's school-book. ANYHOW HE gave me all. THE LATEST news on bees. HOW THEY sit around. AVOIDING THE skunk cabbage. AND ONLY picking on. THE QUALITY flowers. WHERE THE nectar grows. BRING HOME the bacon. TURN IT into honey. AND SEAL it up with wax. TO PRESERVE it for. A LIGHT snack later on. AND BILL says. "AIN'T NATURE wonderful" AND I say, "Yeh. BUT JUST buss in. TO GRAB some honey."

FROM THE bees, and see. WHAT HAPPENS." Bill admits. BEES HAVE their mean points. SO THEN I pull. THE GOOD old package. WITH THE four-ply wrapper. INCLUDING GLASSINE paper. ALMOST LIKE beeswax. THAT SEALS in the flavor. OF THOSE wonderful tobaccos. AND BILL helps himself. FREELY AND says, "Quite so. NOBODY EVER gets stung. ON "SATISFY" cigarettes."

OPEN your Chesterfield package at the top only. Don't tear off that glassine wrapper. It's put there to keep those wonderful tobaccos always firm and fresh, in exactly the right condition for smoking. Another reason why Chesterfields always satisfy.

20 for 20 cents
in six-tight packages.
Also obtainable in round
tins of 50, vacuum-sealed.

They Satisfy Chesterfield CIGARETTES
LEGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.